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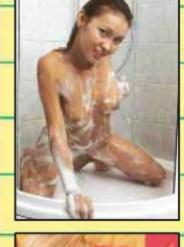
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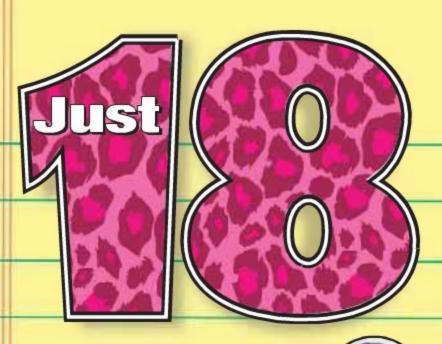














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16 JUST EIGHTEEN

















## HOT SEX

I go out with this guy, Chad, sometimes and he took me to this awesome place last weekend. I figured you all might want to know about it since it's way sexy and if you take your girl there you might get laid (like Chad did!)

See, we went to this hot springs place in the mountains where you can rent a private tub in this little resort. Like you can go in there and do whatever you want for a whole hour! And you would not believe how awesome this tub is. Burning hot at first, until you get up to about your nipples, and then you get goosebumps all over. By the time you're all the way in you can hardly breathe it's so hot, but it feels so good it doesn't matter.

Me and Chad hung out in the tub till we were all nice and sweaty and relaxed and then all the sudden he dived right under the water and started sucking on my nips, which were rock hard by the way, just like when it's cold outside. Man, it was crazy, partly 'cause it was so hot and wet and partly cause it was so bizarre to have him slurping on me underwater! And at first his tongue was all cold but then it was burning hot, just like the water.

But that wasn't all. Pretty soon he came up for air and started kissing me while his fingers spread my pussy lips open. Damn, that hot water felt awesome on my cunt! Especially when he started diddling my clit, which was already totally swollen from all those goosebumps. Chad got me all nice and worked up (which wasn't hard, I was pretty horny by then,) flipped me right over in the water and all the sudden his dick was spearing my pussy. Just like that! One minute I was soaking in this tub and the next minute I was getting it doggy style.

Chad was fucking me real hard but it felt different, like almost slomo because of the water, you know? But it was even hotter (ha, ha) than regular fucking. Every time he shoved it in, I could feel his balls (or maybe it was just the fizzy water) kind of tickle my pussy.

And when he started spunking me up? Well, I sure as hell felt that! I mean it was hotter even than the water, like his jizz had been boiling in his balls or something. And he kept pumping me for what felt like forever until I guess I finally squeezed out all his juice.

When he was done he finger fucked me till my pussy exploded and man, I never knew cumming could be so good.

So now I'm totally spoiled and I told Chad I won't fuck him again till he takes me back up there. Of course I'm lying, his balls'd fall off if he didn't get laid, but hey, whatever works. I want another underwater fuck!

Karina D. Internet

## FOOT JOB

I just met the weirdest guy. Well on the outside he looks normal, all business-y, with short hair and a suit and all that. But on the inside he's a total perv. And I like the stuff he does, so I guess I'm a perv. too!

Which is kind of weird, too, seeing as how I won't even let a guy get past second base cause I think that you shouldn't do it all the way until you're in love. But I still do sex stuff, like I've done two blow-jobs (they both blew off in my mouth, ew!) and I can jack a guy, too.

But when George and me went out, I was worried that he'd want more, seeing as how he's so old. So after dinner, when we started kissing on his couch, I told him that I wasn't into any funny business. And he was totally cool with it, he didn't even ask me to touch his wanker! I thought maybe he was queer or something but I could see his dick was way hard under his jeans so I knew he was liking it.

Then he said that if I took off my shoes and socks he'd give me a foot massage. Whoa, did it feel good! Until he asked if he could suck my toes. Talk about freaked! But I don't know, he was so nice I figured I'd let him.

Good thing, too, cause it was the coolest. Like he sucked each toe real slow and sexy-like until it kind of popped out of his mouth and then he licked between them and it tickled but it was so hot!

When he was done he asked, real sweet, if I could give him a "foot-job." Huh? I figured it was like real sex only with his foot, gross! But it was totally not like that.

See, he took out his dick and kind of wrapped my feet around it, then he started going in and out, just like he was doing it in my pussy. Can you believe it? It felt totally weird, but he was getting off on it so much it made me excited, too. His face was all scrunched up and man, his dick was so hard. And heck, all I had to do was lie back; it wasn't nearly as much work as a blow job!

After only a little while he started groaning and I knew he was gonna pop. I figured he'd wanna do it in my mouth but nope, instead he squished my feet together real hard and then shot his stuff all over my toes! It was way weird but not gross, cause afterward he cleaned my feet up all nice and even rubbed some pretty-smelling lotion all over them.

I'm totally not gonna tell my friends about my new weirdo boyfriend but I am for sure going out with him again. Heck, I can't wait to get another foot rub and give another "foot job!"

> Dyanna L. Portland OR























































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tight blouse. It felt so tingly good. I was riding my usual route to a summer job downtown, the bus way too crowded. Which meant tons of us had to stand. I was squashed in between all the "suits", with my trying-to-look-conservative skirt and my tiny pink backpack slung over my shoulders. People kept bumping into each other so, when this guy's fingers touched my nipple, I thought nothing of it. Except that it felt righteously awesome!

out taking up much room. And the fingers holding one side of it were just where my left nipple was.

Those sneaky fingers skimmed over my eager bead again and I sucked in a breath. And hung on tighter to the bus' swaying hand straps above, wondering how I could score my other nipple some of this action.

Then my lucky lefty somehow ended up between two of his knuckles and he tweaked me! I kid you not!

I looked. But his nose was buried in that paper, paying me not a blink of attention. He was sorta handsome. In that older school, expensive kind of way. Bet he had his secretary creaming her panties daily.

I let my eyes wander. He definitely had a bulge in his top-dollar trousers. Nothing massive but not exactly normal-sized. That's what got rid of any last bit of doubt—he'd done it on purpose, that nipple action. Bad Mr. Businessman.

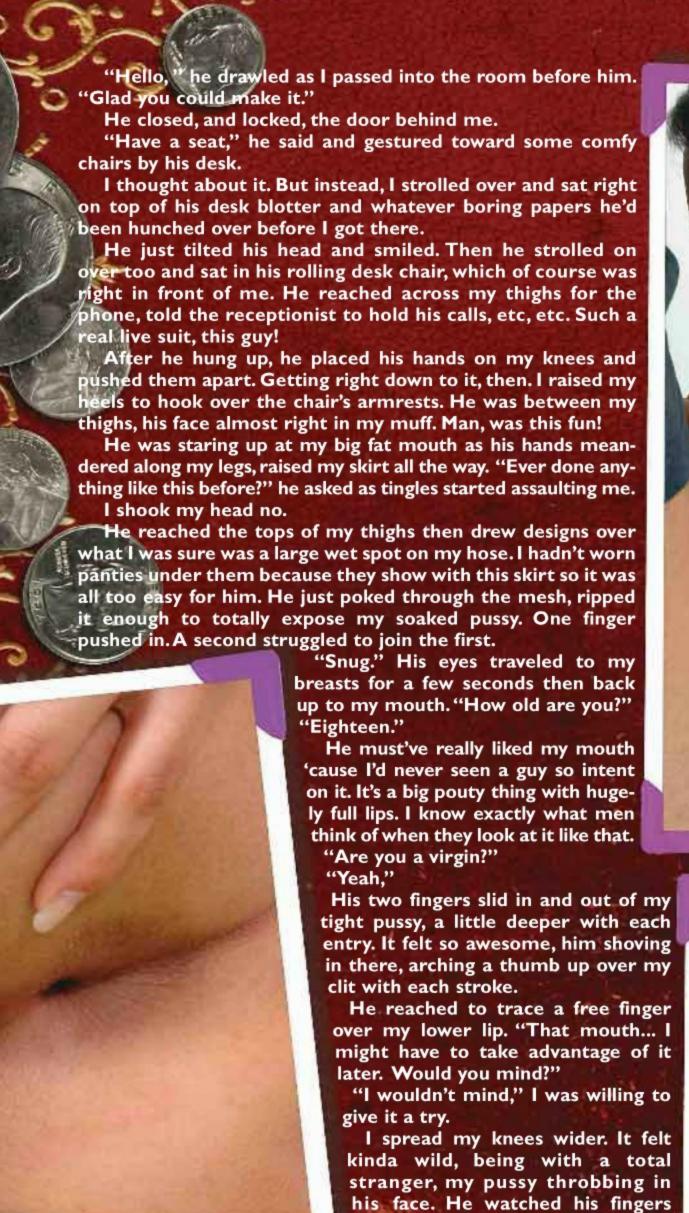
Not that I minded-I wanted to unzip him right there and take a good long look! Unfortunately, my stop was coming up—no more fun for me.

He was fumbling in the pocket of his suit jacket, extracting a business card. He looked me in the eye for the very first time then. I licked my lower lip just for the naughty fun of it and his eyes followed it along its path.

Before I could move toward the exit he slipped his card under a strap of my backpack—flicking it over my nipple along the way! Sooo naughty! I grabbed the card and practically flew out the door.

Mr. K. Grayson. And his big-deal title at some financial company a dozen blocks from my job. I took a long lunch that day and found it easy.

The receptionist at her glossy desk phoned him and sent me back. His office door was wide open when I got there, him standing on the threshold.



loosen my opening and I took a peek at his lap—another magnificent hard-on, courtesy of me, tenting up his trousers. I couldn't wait

"Unbutton your blouse," he said.
"Unzip your pants," I said back,
which made him smile again, but
I got to work on the blouse in a
hurry. The way he was touching
me, I was about to cum before
he even put his thing in. I was
sure gonna make a mess of his

He tugged at his zipper while I had my blouse fully open, unhooking my bra, my little

to see it in the buff!

fancy desk of papers.



O Hove you

breasts eager to get some of his attention. He ran his eyes all over and stood, the trousers falling, his fingers leaving me. He slipped his boxers down and parted his shirt. His chest was almost hairless. And his erection was more than ready. I leaned over and licked one of his nipples into a tiny erection too.

"Taste this," he said as he put a finger between my lips. My tongue wrapped around it and I sucked my own juices off while my eyes feasted on what jutted out down below.

His dick was smooth and weighty and long. I pet down the underside then up to the crown where the skin seemed softer than the rest of it. I followed a thick ropey vein down to the base and gripped him there. He cupped his balls and our hands worked together, me pulling and pushing, he gently caressing the sack. When I looked up into his face, still frantically sucking his finger in and out of my mouth, I guessed he might be feeling just like how I'd felt a minute ago—one breath away from delirious.

"Put it where you want it," he managed to say, contemplating my mouth again before he pulled his finger out. "I'll put it where I want it later."

Sounded good to me. I scooted to the very edge of the blotter and positioned his glistening dick right at the hole he'd torn in my stockings.

He grasped my bottom, lifting me practically off the desk, and slid into my dripping pussy in a slow, very deliberate thrust. I cringed a bit when I felt my cherry pop but he didn't pause there, just pushed until he'd buried himself completely.

"So... unbelievably... tight!" He was gasping for breath, just as I was gasping too.

He pulled almost all the way out, slipped a thumb between us to swirl around my clit then plunged the whole length deep again. I bumped against him hard, wanting him to drive into me faster. He did—faster and faster—but too soon I felt my insides soften and clench, already cumming, flowing around him in hot, desperate pulses.

"Yes," he whispered as he held himself inside there, letting my inner muscles urge him again and again to let go too.

When I felt like melted pudding, lying back flat on the desk now, he pulled out of me completely, still rock-hard, and slicked up with my cum.

"You know where I want it," he reminded me as he slid the blotter—with me on it—toward the opposite edge of the desk.

I felt too dopey with satisfaction to answer.

Once my head was resting just over the other side of the desk, he walked around and then I understood. I tilted my head back till it was almost upside down so I could take him in my mouth.

It shone with my juices. Smelled rich and tangy. He traced the fat tip over my lips, back and forth. His hands played with my breasts, lifting and pinching as I wrapped my lips around the inflamed cap. He pushed in and out but not very far. But by the next time, when he pushed in further, I knew I could take it all.

He kept plunging deeper, quicker. My nose nuzzled his balls when he was in all the way. I clamped my lips tighter and he moved faster still.

I felt the change, a rush of blood in that vein, a surge moving up the length of him. I so loved the guttural sound that came from my sexy suit man! I couldn't believe my untutored mouth could make him do this! I grabbed onto his hips while he emptied himself deep into my throat. Salty bursts—not at all like my tangy juices—and so much of it!

Before I'd even swallowed it all down, he had me scooped up into his arms, murmuring all the naughty things he had in store for me while he licked those beady hard nipples of mine. Those tender pink culprits had started this whole thing. They sure came in super handy today!



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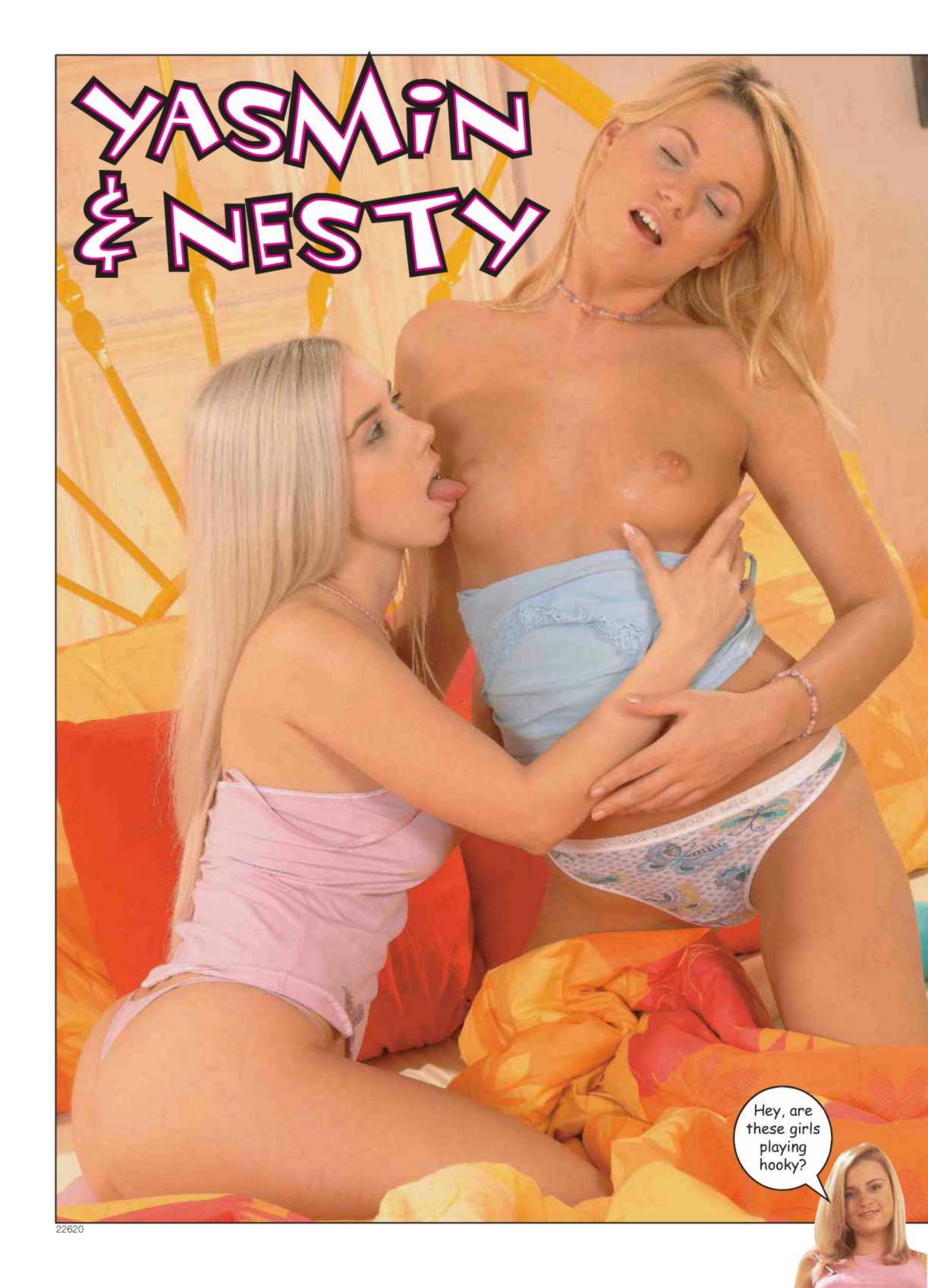
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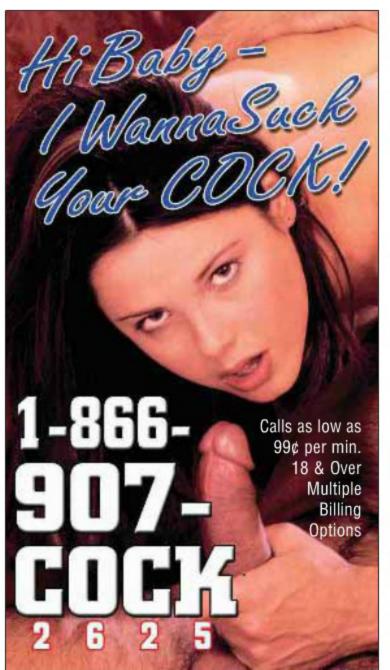


















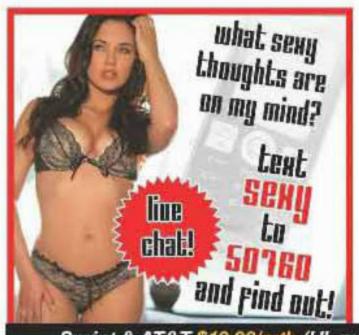














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